



66
DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capilla
97

McFARLANE
CW

Todd McFarlane &
Image Comics presents...

DEMONS

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
Mary Kolomyjec
(the inspiration for Granny Blake)



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Spawn №65 Summary

When Cog promises to answer Sam and Twitch's questions, they follow him into the deepest parts of rat city. Twitch takes notes as Cog tells the tale of Spawn's confused existence as it relates to them. They view Spawn's throne and hear of his life as it was on earth before he returned as a warrior for the dark side. As the tour ends, Cog reveals that Sam and Twitch have been chosen by Spawn to help him in his quest to recapture his lost humanity.



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

www.spawn.com



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU WEREN'T ADVERSE TO ANSWERING A FEW MORE QUESTIONS FOR US, COG.

SO YOU JUST RELAX. OUR OFFICE IS ONLY ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AWAY.

I AGREE. THERE WAS NO NEED TO CAUSE A COMOTION IN A PUBLIC PLACE, ESPECIALLY IN LIGHT OF THIS OPTION.

EXACTLY.

I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A LITTLE CLARIFICATION ON THIS WHOLE "WE NOW *SERVE THE SPAWN*" SCENARIO.

I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONFUSION, DETECTIVE BURKE, EVEN THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT *SARCASM*. BUT WHAT I TOLD YOU BACK IN THOSE ALLEYS IS *FACT*. * WHETHER YOU CHOOSE TO *BELIEVE* ANY OF IT IS YOUR *OWN* DECISION.

IT DOESN'T MATTER EITHER WAY BECAUSE YOUR FATES HAVE BEEN INTERTWINED REGARDLESS.

*LAST ISSUE -- Tova.

YEAH. SURE. WHATEVER.

AND THAT MEANS TWITCH AND I ARE SUPPOSED TO **FORGET** THAT SPAWN COST US BOTH OUR JOBS...

...FORGET THE HUMILIATION OF BEING SUSPENDED FROM THE FORCE **BEFORE** THAT...?!

WELL, SORRY TO DISAPPOINT, **PAL**, BUT MY ROSE-COLORED GLASSES **BROKE** A LONG TIME AGO. I NOW SERVE THE **LAW**.

AGREED. BUT YOU WILL LEARN TO DO SO WITH SPAWN'S ASSISTANCE. YOU NEED NOT EXCLUDE ONE FOR THE OTHER.

Um, EXCUSE MY FORGETFULNESS HERE, COG, BUT TELL ME **AGAIN** WHY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BECOME BOSOM BUDDIES WITH THIS COSTUMED **FREAK**?

BECAUSE, **LIKE** YOU, HE HAS LOST THE THINGS THAT MATTER MOST TO HIM. BUT, HE NEEDS HUMAN HANDS TO HELP HIM RECOVER HIS HUMANITY. **YOU AND YOUR PARTNER** ARE NOW THOSE HANDS.

IN TIME, ALL THIS WILL MAKE SENSE. FOR NOW, I'VE SAID ENOUGH.

C'MON. DON'T SELL YOURSELF **SHORT**. I'M BETTING YOU'VE GOT **PLENTY** TO SAY.

RIGHT, OLD MAN?

I SAID...

Uh?

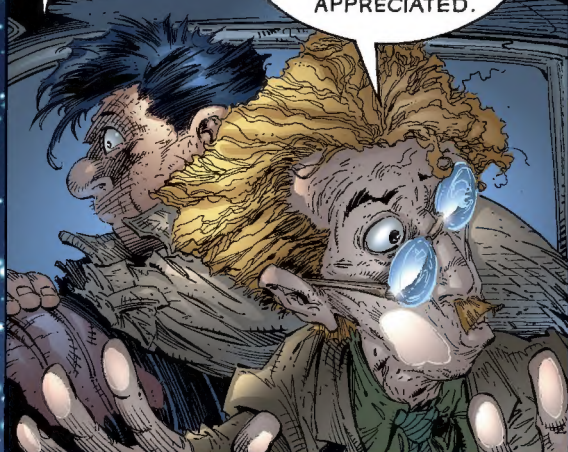
SKREEEE

CRIPES!
Freech!



TWITCH!
JEEZ,
MAN, WHAT
THE HELL IS
GOING ON
HERE?!

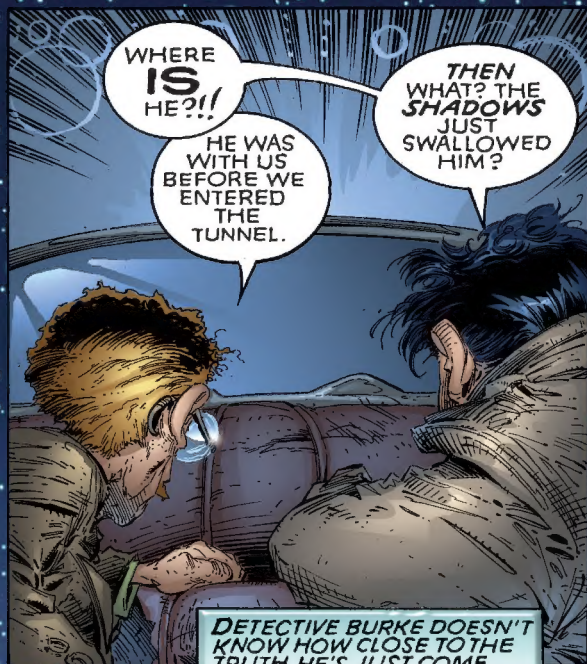
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT,
SPECIFICALLY, YOU'RE
REFERRING TO, SIR. IN
FUTURE, THOUGH, A
TINY WARNING BEFORE
BRAKING AT 50 m.p.h.
AND DOING A 180
WOULD BE MUCH
APPRECIATED.



WHERE
IS
HE?!

HE WAS
WITH US
BEFORE WE
ENTERED
THE
TUNNEL.

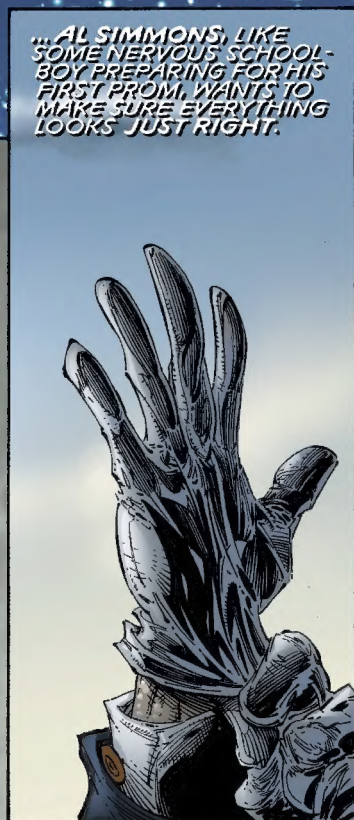
THEN
WHAT? THE
SHADOWS
JUST
SWALLOWED
HIM?



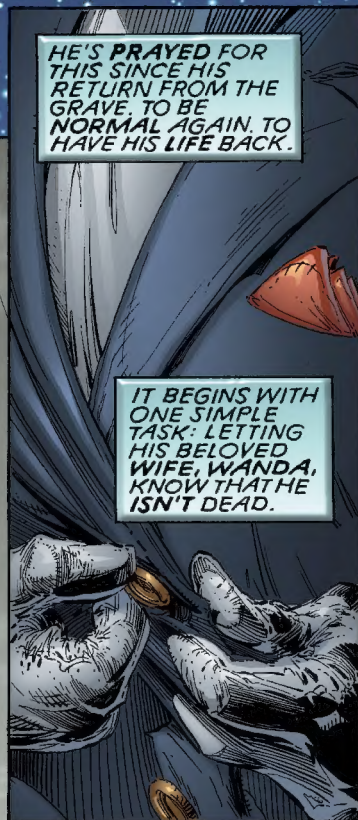
DETECTIVE BURKE DOESN'T
KNOW HOW CLOSE TO THE
TRUTH HE'S JUST COME.

*ELSEWHERE...
IN THE DARKNESS OF RAT CITY...*

...AL SIMMONS, LIKE
SOME NERVOUS SCHOOL-
BOY PREPARING FOR HIS
FIRST PROM, WANTS TO
MAKE SURE EVERYTHING
LOOKS JUST RIGHT.



HE'S PRAYED FOR
THIS SINCE HIS
RETURN FROM THE
GRAVE. TO BE
NORMAL AGAIN. TO
HAVE HIS LIFE BACK.

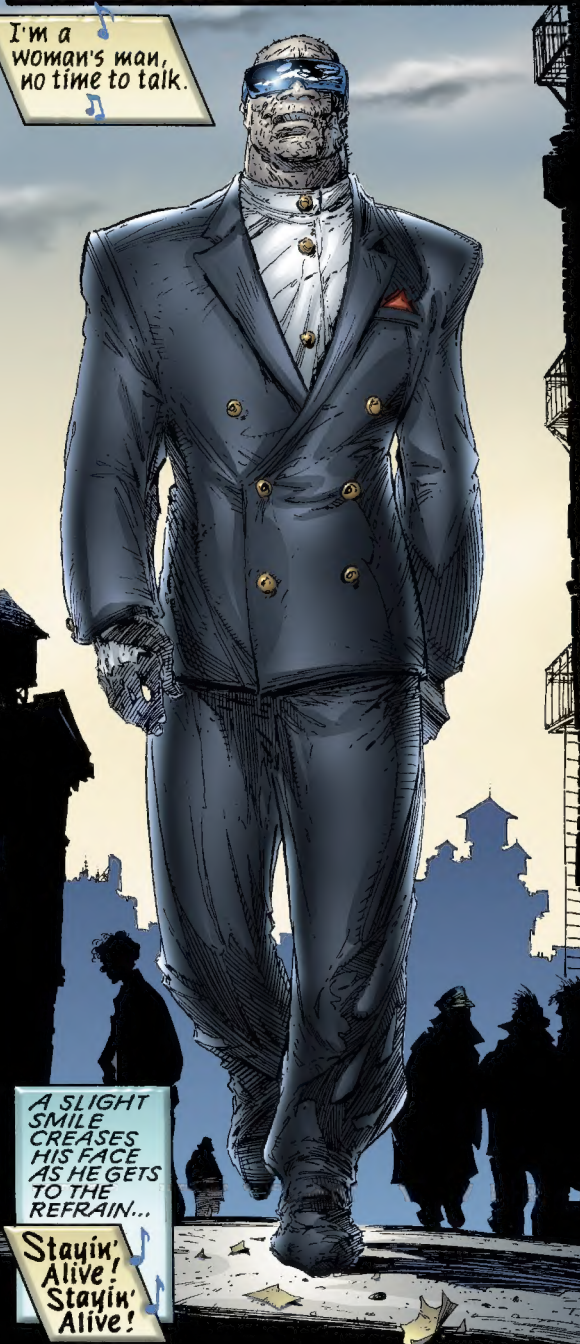
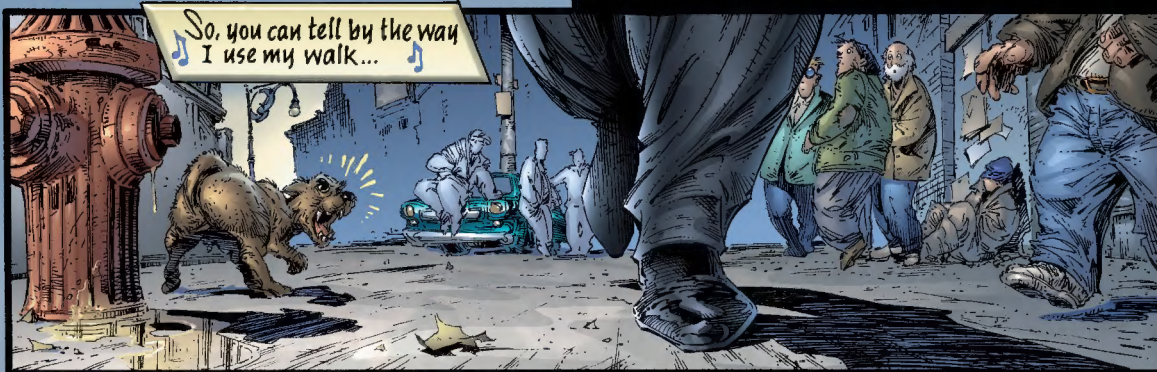


IT BEGINS WITH
ONE SIMPLE
TASK: LETTING
HIS BELOVED
WIFE, WANDA,
KNOW THAT HE
ISN'T DEAD.

THAT'S WHY HE'S NERVOUS.
SO, TO CALM HIMSELF, HE
STARTS TO HUM.

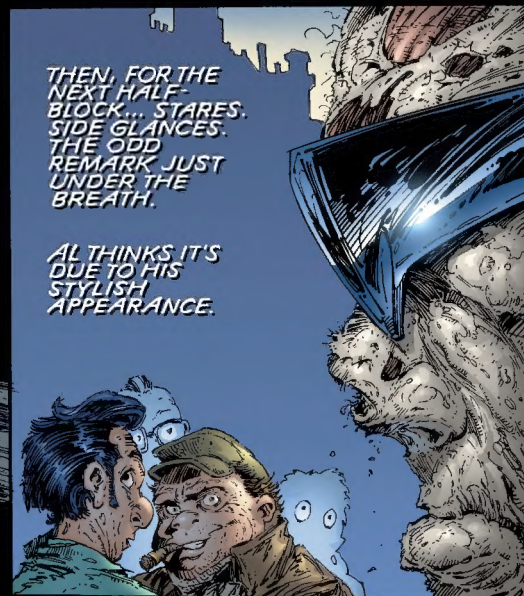
AGAIN AND
AGAIN, THE
SAME SONG
PLAYS IN
HIS MIND:





THE IRONY OF THOSE LYRICS ISN'T LOST TO HIM. BUT AS HE EXITS THE STAINED ALLEYS THAT HAVE HIDDEN HIS EXISTENCE, AL SIMMONS CASTS HIMSELF INTO THE PUBLIC WITH A SWAGGER THAT SCREAMS, "WATCH OUT, WORLD!"

THE WORLD OBLIGES.



THEN, FOR THE NEXT HALF BLOCK... STARES. SIDE GLANCES. THE ODD REMARK JUST UNDER THE BREATH.

AL THINKS IT'S DUE TO HIS STYLISH APPEARANCE.

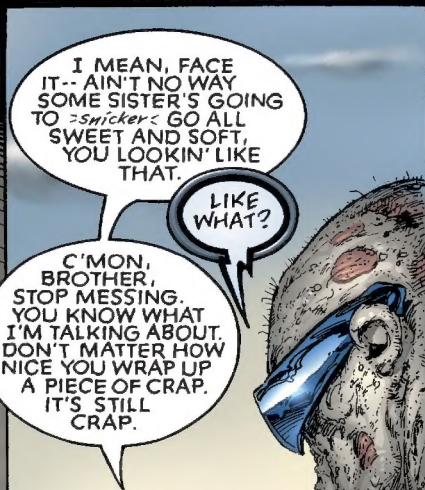
A SLIGHT SMILE CREASES HIS FACE AS HE GETS TO THE REFRAIN...

Stayin' Alive! Stayin' Alive!



YO YO YO!
CHECK THIS NEW
HONEY OUT. SAY,
MISTER, I HOPE YOU
AIN'T PLANNING TO
GET TOO ROUGH
WITH HER...!

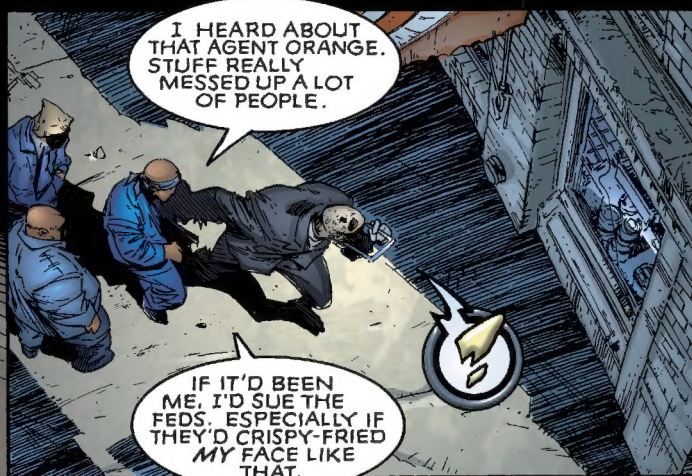
PARDON?



I MEAN, FACE
IT-- AIN'T NO WAY
SOME SISTER'S GOING
TO *snicker* GO ALL
SWEET AND SOFT,
YOU LOOKIN' LIKE
THAT.

LIKE
WHAT?

C'MON,
BROTHER,
STOP MESSING.
YOU KNOW WHAT
I'M TALKING ABOUT.
DON'T MATTER HOW
NICE YOU WRAP UP
A PIECE OF CRAP.
IT'S STILL CRAP.



I HEARD ABOUT
THAT AGENT ORANGE.
STUFF REALLY
MESSED UP A LOT
OF PEOPLE.

IF IT'D BEEN
ME, I'D SUE THE
FEDS. ESPECIALLY IF
THEY'D CRISPY-FRIED
MY FACE LIKE
THAT.



AND
DON'T TAKE
THIS WRONG
BUT YOU
DEFINITELY ARE
ONE STINKY
MOTHER! *Hee hee*
SO WHAT'S YOUR
STORY? YOU SOME
VIET NAM VET
OR SOME-
THING?

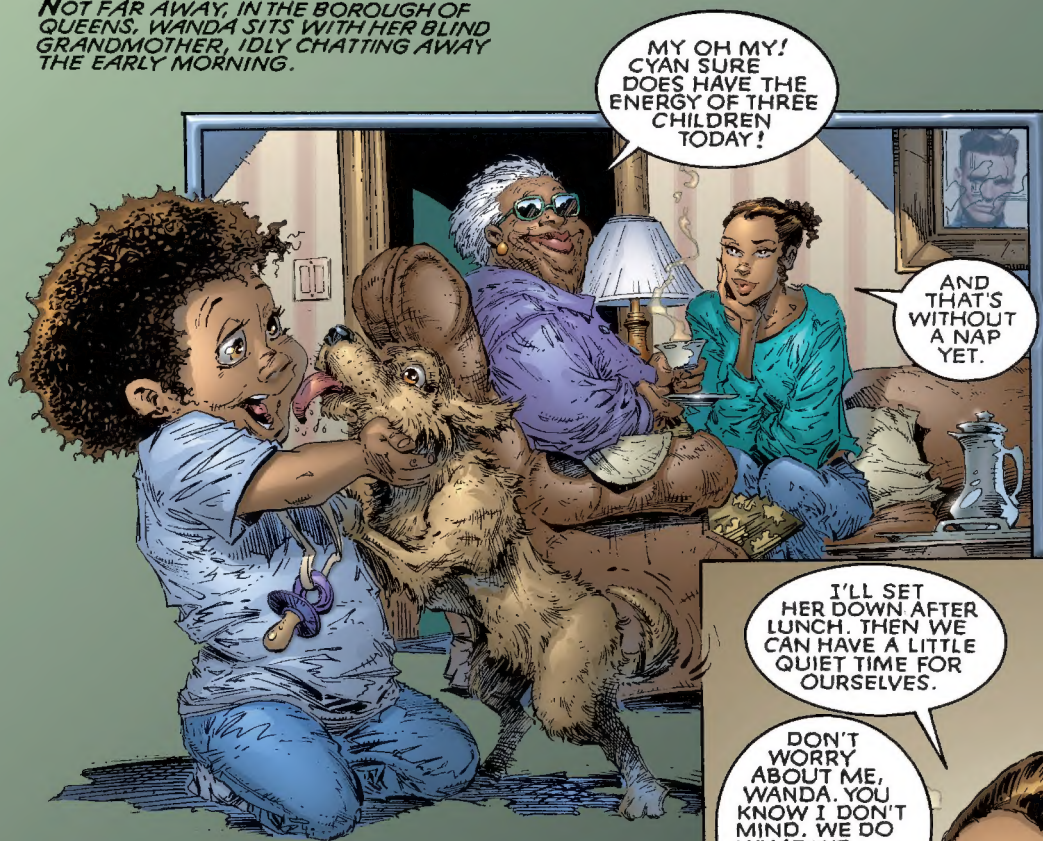


NO.
IT'S
GONE.

NOT
AGAIN.
NOT MY
FACE...!



NOT FAR AWAY, IN THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS, WANDA SITS WITH HER BLIND GRANDMOTHER, IDLY CHATTING AWAY THE EARLY MORNING.



MY OH MY!
CYAN SURE
DOES HAVE THE
ENERGY OF THREE
CHILDREN
TODAY!

AND
THAT'S
WITHOUT
A NAP
YET.

I'LL SET
HER DOWN AFTER
LUNCH. THEN WE
CAN HAVE A LITTLE
QUIET TIME FOR
OURSELVES.

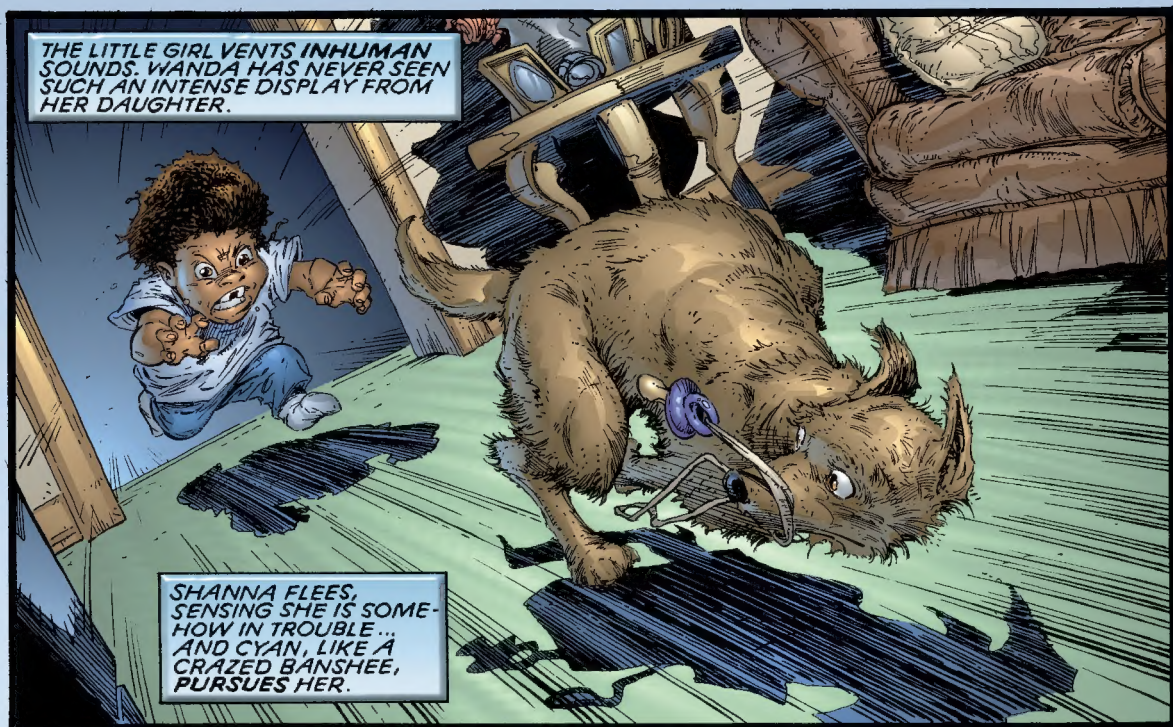
DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT ME,
WANDA. YOU
KNOW I DON'T
MIND. WE DO
WHAT WE
NEED TO DO
WHEN THEY'RE
THAT AGE.

THAT'S
FOR
SURE.

THE GROWN-
UPS SMILE AS
THEY TURN
THEIR ATTENTION
TO CYAN'S
ROUGHHOUSING--



-- DURING
WHICH SHANNA,
THE FAMILY
DOG, MAKES
A GALLANT
LUNGE, TARGET-
ING CYAN'S
PRIZED SOOTHER
NECKLACE.





FOR NEARLY THREE MINUTES WANDA TRIES TO CALM HER DAUGHTER. SHE'S SEEN HER THROW TANTRUMS BEFORE, BUT NONE REACHED ANYWHERE NEAR THIS MAGNITUDE. THROUGH IT ALL, CYAN CAN ONLY REPEAT ONE THING:

NECKLACE!
NECKLACE!
ME WANT
NECKLACE!

OKAY,
SWEETIE.
PLEASE JUST
CALM DOWN.



SHE DOES. BUT ONLY AFTER THE OBJECT IS SECURELY IN HER TINY GRASP. THEN, CYAN SETTLES DOWN COMPLETELY, AS IF NOTHING HAD BEEN THE MATTER.

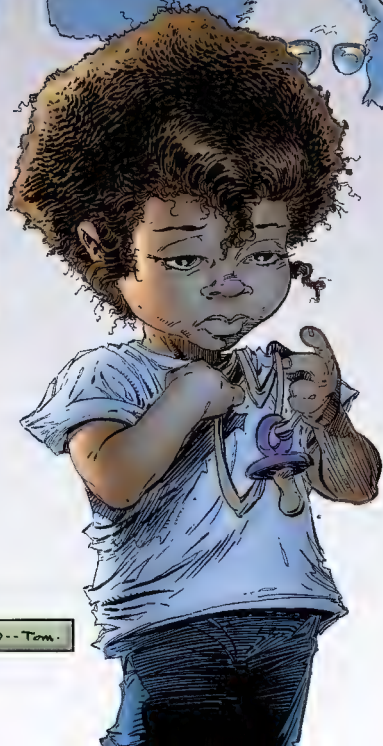
WANDA IS NOT ABLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT JUST HAPPENED. IS CYAN TIRED? HUNGRY? THOUGH THE SOOTHER HAS BEEN IMPORTANT TO CYAN THE PAST FEW WEEKS -- WITH HER WHILE SLEEPING, PLAYING AND BATHING -- IT DOESN'T JUSTIFY HER OUTBURST.

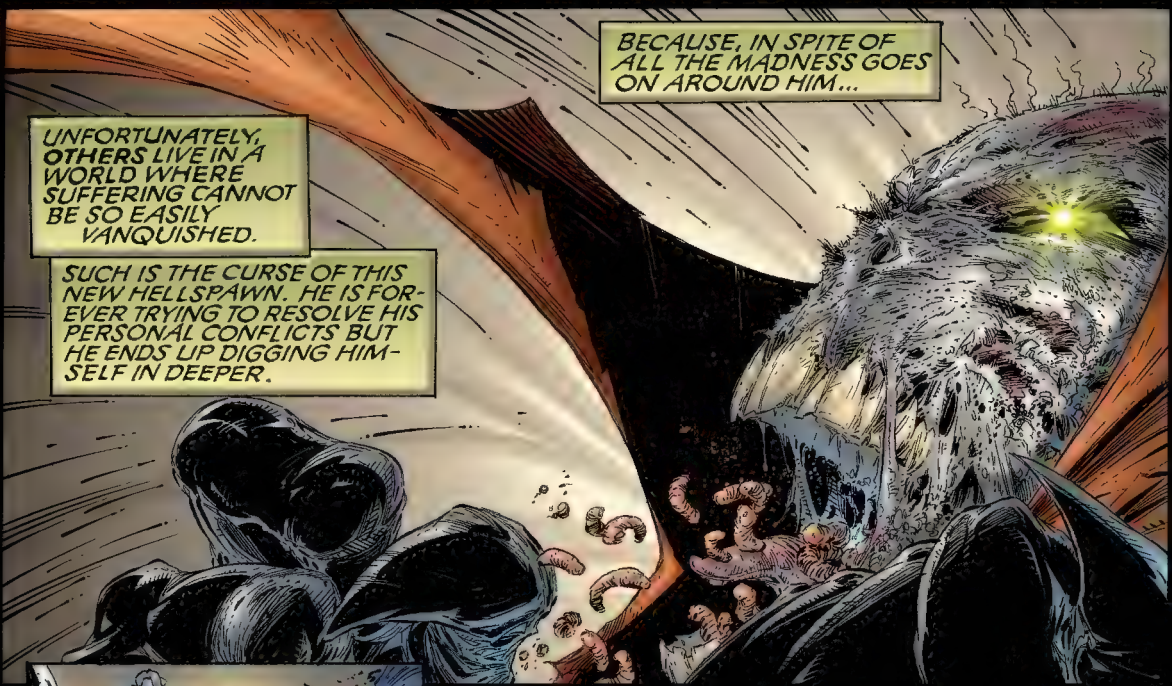


IN FACT, CYAN'S ATTACHMENT IS NOT TO THE SOOTHER BUT TO THE SHOELACE

STRUNG THROUGH IT... ITSELF REMARKABLE BECAUSE IT HAD LAST BEEN USED TO BIND HER DEAD HUSBAND'S FACE AS IT HEALED. *

NOW, IT'S WHAT KEEPS CYAN'S UNWANTED MEMORIES IN CHECK.





BECAUSE, IN SPITE OF
ALL THE MADNESS GOES
ON AROUND HIM...

UNFORTUNATELY,
OTHERS LIVE IN A
WORLD WHERE
SUFFERING CANNOT
BE SO EASILY
VANQUISHED.

SUCH IS THE CURSE OF THIS
NEW HELLSPAWN. HE IS FOR-
EVER TRYING TO RESOLVE HIS
PERSONAL CONFLICTS BUT
HE ENDS UP DIGGING HIM-
SELF IN DEEPER.



...IT IS NEITHER
HEAVEN NOR
HELL THAT
KEEPS HIM FROM
REGAINING
HIS HUMANITY.




THIS TRUTH IS SOMETHING
HE'S NOT WILLING TO CONCEDE.
SO, ANGER FILLS THIS RE-
ANIMATED CORPSE-- NOW
SPILLING OVER WITH SUCH
INTENSITY THAT DESTRUCTION
OF HIS SURROUNDINGS IS THE
MOST SENSIBLE COURSE
OF ACTION.



THIS IS EXACTLY
THE WAY HELL
WANTS HIM TO BE.



... HOW THEY
NEED
HIM TO BE.



I'M
SICK OF YOU
CROWDING ME
ALL THE TIME,
COB. SO DO US
BOTH A FAVOR
AND LEAVE.

NOW!


WHY?
SO YOU CAN
DEMOLISH
EVERYTHING,
THEN WALLOW
IN SELF-PITY?
LEARN FROM
YOUR MISTAKES,
DAMN IT!



BE
CAREFUL, AL.
YOU'RE MAKING
THIS FAR TOO
EASY FOR
MALEBOGIA.

WHICH
HE'S COUNTING
ON.

LIAR!




QUESTION
WHAT'S HAPPENING.
THEN, PERHAPS YOU'LL
FIND THE PURPOSE
YOU'RE TRULY MEANT TO
FULFILL. UNTIL YOU
ACQUIRE THE PROPER
KNOWLEDGE, HELL
WILL **ALWAYS** HAVE
THE UPPER
HAND.

**THEN
LET**
IT! I DON'T
HAVE THE
STRENGTH
ANYMORE. THE
FIGHT ISN'T
IN ME.

IF YOU
DIDN'T CARE... IF
NONE OF THIS
MATTERED TO YOU...
THEN YOU WOULDN'T
BE SO **PISSED OFF**.
WELL, TOO BAD, AL, BUT
IT **ALL** PIVOTS ON YOU,
AND YOU'RE LETTING
YOUR PASSIONS
DICTATE HOW EACH
TEST WILL
END.

THIS TIME
YOU CHOSE
REVENGE. *
THAT'S NOW
COST YOU A
BRIEF CHANCE
WITH YOUR
WIFE.



MAYBE
YOU DIDN'T
KNOW YOUR
HUMAN FACE
WOULDN'T LAST.
BY NOW YOU'RE
SMART ENOUGH
TO REALIZE
NOTHING
IS AS IT
APPEARS.

THOUGH
YOU SET OUT
WITH THE BEST
OF INTENTIONS,
YOU SPENT
PRECIOUS TIME
WITH AN ENEMY,
INSTEAD OF WHERE
IT MATTERED TO
YOU THE
MOST.

HOW
WAS I
SUPPOSED TO
KNOW?!
I THOUGHT I
COULD BE
A MAN
AGAIN.

YOU
CAN BE, BUT
NOT YOUR WAY.
YOUR FACE ROTTED
BECAUSE YOUR
BODY AND UNIFORM
REJECTED
IT.

SEE, YOU
BELONG IN
THESE ALLEYS...
HIDDEN AWAY...
AND NOT AS BAD
OFF AS IT APPEARS.
WITHIN THESE
SHADOWS LIE
SOME OF THE
SECRETS THAT
CAN HELP
RESTORE YOUR
HUMANITY.

YOU
WERE
PLACED
HERE BY GOD.
HELL MAY HAVE
CHOSEN YOU BUT
HEAVEN HAD THE
CALL TO LOCATE
YOU WHEREVER
ON EARTH THEY
WANTED.

HAVE
NO DOUBT--
HEAVEN HAS
A HAND IN ALL
THIS TOO...
AND THEY
SELECTED THIS
PLACE FOR A
REASON.

I DON'T
CARE. CAN'T
YOU GET THAT
THROUGH
YOUR
HEAD?



I JUST
WANTED
TO SEE
MY WIFE!
THAT'S
ALL!

I DIDN'T
ASK TO LIVE IN
THIS GODDAMN
NIGHTMARE--AND
I CAN'T DO ANY-
THING ABOUT IT!
NOT EVEN KILL
MYSELF!

I CAN'T
DIE!
DON'T YOU
UNDER-
STAND?!

I
CAN'T
DIE!

I CAN'T DIE!!



WE ALL
HAVE OUR
CROSSES
TO BEAR.

BUT IF IT'S
REDEMPTION
YOU SEEK, THEN
LEARN! A
SECOND CHANCE
HAS BEEN GIVEN
TO YOU. THE
QUEST ISN'T TO
BECOME A
MAN AGAIN...

... BUT TO
BECOME
BETTER THAN
YOU WERE
BEFORE.

"THAT'S HOW
YOU WILL
FINALLY BE
FREE."

OTHERWISE,
YOU WILL
LANGUISH IN
HELL'S TRAP,
TRUSTING NO ONE
AND LIVING OUT A
PATHETIC EXISTENCE
SURROUNDED
WITH **NOTHING**
BUT EVIL.

IN A FINE DINER, TERRY FITZGERALD IS FINISHING A LATE BUSINESS MEETING.

Um, PARDON ME, BUT COULD WE PLEASE GET THE BILL...? THANKS!

SO OKAY, I'LL TALK YOUR PROPOSAL OVER WITH JIMMY ON WEDNESDAY MORNING WHEN HE

BREEEP

EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, DOUG.

HELLO?

THIS IS WANDA. SOMETHING WEIRD HAPPENED TO CYAN TODAY THAT I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT.

WANDA RECOUNTS THE DETAILS OF THEIR DAUGHTER'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR-- NOT BECAUSE SHE EXPECTS ANY ANSWERS BUT BECAUSE SHE KNOWS TERRY WOULD WANT TO BE TOLD.

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

YOU BET.

TERRY.

>Pssst<

OVER HERE.

Unh?

HOW'D YOU KNOW MY-- AL?! IS THAT YOU?



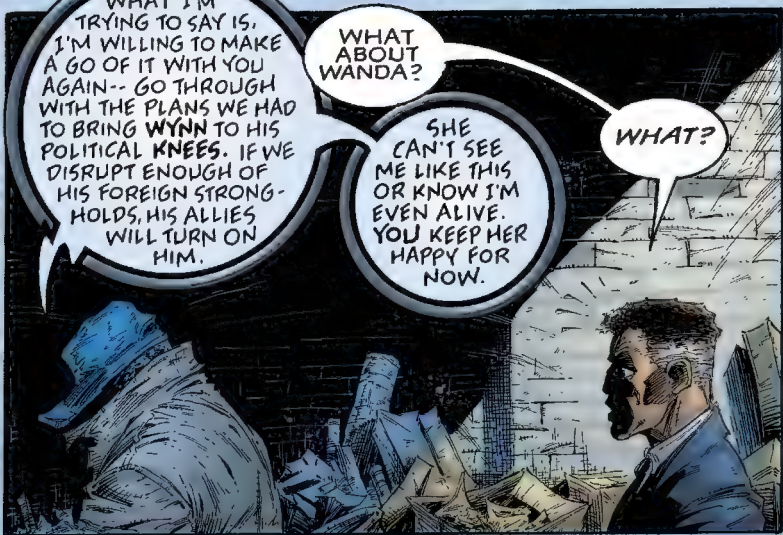
YOUR
FACE--!
WHERE'D
IT GO?

IT
DOESN'T
MATTER. NOT
ANYMORE. I
THOUGHT THINGS
WOULD LAST A BIT
LONGER. HOPED
THINGS WOULD BE
DIFFERENT.
BUT THEY
AREN'T.



NO MATTER
HOW HARD I TRY TO
CHANGE WHAT I'VE BECOME,
THIS CURSE, THESE POWERS--
I CAN'T BEAT IT. THE SOONER
I ACCEPT IT, THE BETTER
WE'LL ALL BE.

YOU'RE
NOT
MAKING
ANY
SENSE.

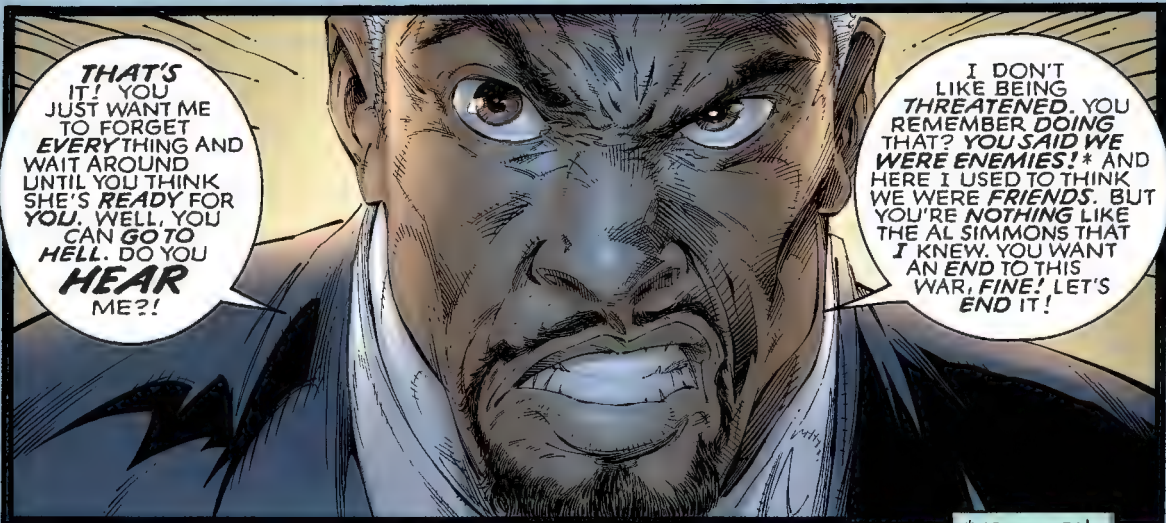


WHAT I'M
TRYING TO SAY IS,
I'M WILLING TO MAKE
A GO OF IT WITH YOU
AGAIN-- GO THROUGH
WITH THE PLANS WE HAD
TO BRING WYNN TO HIS
POLITICAL KNEES. IF WE
DISRUPT ENOUGH OF
HIS FOREIGN STRONG-
HOLDS, HIS ALLIES
WILL TURN ON
HIM.

WHAT
ABOUT
WANDA?

SHE
CAN'T SEE
ME LIKE THIS
OR KNOW I'M
EVEN ALIVE.
YOU KEEP HER
HAPPY FOR
NOW.

WHAT?



THAT'S
IT! YOU
JUST WANT ME
TO FORGET
EVERYTHING AND
WAIT AROUND
UNTIL YOU THINK
SHE'S **READY** FOR
YOU. WELL, YOU
CAN GO TO
HELL. DO YOU
HEAR
ME?!

I DON'T
LIKE BEING
THREATENED. YOU
REMEMBER DOING
THAT? YOU SAID **WE**
WERE ENEMIES! * AND
HERE I USED TO THINK
WE WERE **FRIENDS**. BUT
YOU'RE **NOTHING** LIKE
THE AL SIMMONS THAT
I KNEW. YOU WANT
AN END TO THIS
WAR, **FINE!** LET'S
END IT!



LATE THAT SAME NIGHT, THEY BEGIN TO CRAWL. THE CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. BUGS AND BEASTS THAT SERVE THOSE TOUCHED BY HELL.



POURING FROM EVERY POSSIBLE CRACK, THEY ENGULF THE HELLSPAWN. HE'S THEIR NEW MASTER AND THEY SENSE HIS NEEDS. HIS PAIN.




BEING DRAPED IN THEIR EVIL WILL MAKE HIM STRONG AGAIN. SO THE FLOOD CONTINUES. AL SIMMONS BEGINS TO FEEL HIMSELF DROWNING IN A BLACK ABYSS, PULLED THERE BY HIS OWN AURA OF SIN.

THEN IT VANISHES.

HE'S BEEN DREAMING. NIGHTMARE THOUGHTS OF THE DAMNED.

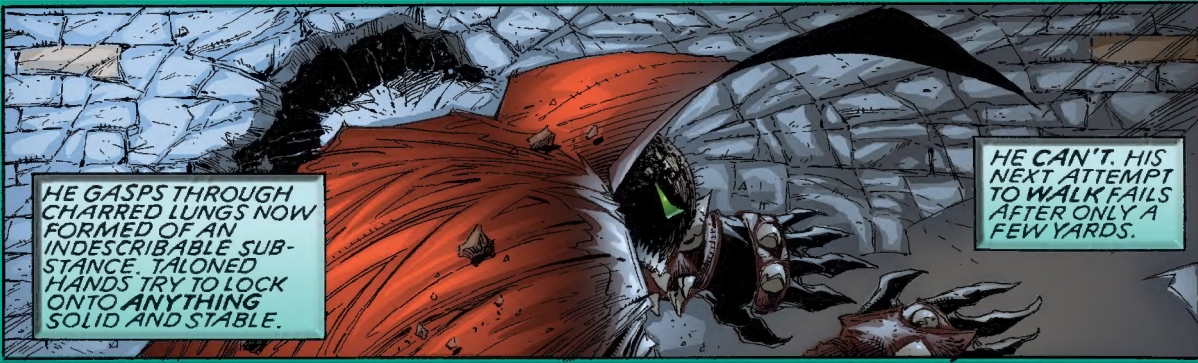
AND WITH THAT, A WAVE OF DIZZINESS DRAGS HIM UNDER.



FOR A BRIEF
MOMENT IT
APPEARS HE IS
RUNNING. THAT'S
ONLY BECAUSE
HE CAN'T CATCH
UP TO HIS LOST
BALANCE.

KRASH!

UNTIL
SOMETHING
STOPS HIM.



HE GASPS THROUGH
CHARRED LUNGS NOW
FORMED OF AN
INDESCRIBABLE SUB-
STANCE. TALONED
HANDS TRY TO LOCK
ONTO ANYTHING
SOLID AND STABLE.

HE CAN'T. HIS
NEXT ATTEMPT
TO WALK FAILS
AFTER ONLY A
FEW YARDS.



YAAA!

THE FORCE OF HIS
FALL IS PARTIALLY
CUSHIONED BY A
DISHEVELED HOME-
LESS MAN, HIMSELF
UNABLE TO STAND
UPRIGHT...

...THOUGH,
IN HIS CASE,
AS THE
RESULT OF
A DRINKING
BINGE.

MY GOD,
I'VE BEEN HIT, DID
YOU SEE?! THAT TRUCK
JUST RAN OVER MY LEG!
DIDN'T SLOW DOWN OR
NOTHING! GET HIS LICENSE,
SOMEONE! IT'S A HIT 'N'
RUN, I'VE BEEN
CRIPPLED! GET
AN AMBULANCE
PLEASE!

EVENTUALLY, THE FOG LIFTS FROM
SPAWN'S BRAIN, AND HE
MEANDERS BACK TO HIS
SANCTUARY--

-- HIS POSTURE
SUGGESTING
MINIMAL REMORSE
FOR THE DAMAGE
HIS 400-16 BODY
MAY HAVE
CAUSED.

I'M GONNA
BE AN
AMPUTEE!

sob

HE NEEDS TIME,
SPACE, TO THINK
HAS HE GONE
CRAZY? WAS THIS
JUST AN ISOLATED
INCIDENT?

DOES HE HAVE
ANY CONTROL
AT ALL, OR IS
HE JUST FALL-
ING FURTHER
INTO THE
SUFFOCATING
EMBRACE
OF SIN?

AS HE RUBS HIS TEMPLE,
HE FEELS THE BIZARRE
NAUSEA PASSING, AND
RELIEVED THAT IT WAS
JUST SOME SADISTIC,
SHORT-TERM VIRUS.

THE TINY
CREATURE
CRAWLING
OUT OF HIS
PERIPHERAL
SAYS
OTHERWISE.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE